

# MIRROR OF ILLUSIONS

Love and illusion is just a story to be told.

Through my mirrored surface, I see lost lambs turning their damnation into a religion.

I am ready for their stones.

Destroying the mirror does not hide the truth, it only makes it even more visible.

Then, the knight of war, mounted on his undead steed.

He uttered illusions of grandeur to all who were near.

Yet those scribbles of majesty were not for the listeners.

In his words, there was only one crown, and it rested upon his cunning mind.

I have been here for a decade, I have seen stars rise and disappear, but not by chance.

All who were trapped in his illusory web became soldiers.

Unconscious victims in his vile game of chess.

Indeed, his only contribution to the world may be bringing chaos.

Under his stained cloak, he commands his foolish soldiers.

Moving them like puppets, unaware of their own fates.

His small empire of lies spreads like a dense fog.

But all he sows is a barren field of destruction and hate.

His empty promises shatter hearts, making them small.

But he has a distorted and corrupted image of his soul.

Forgetting that those who admire old relics lose control.

Yet his old steed is always searching for something whole.

I watched his hypnotized and robotic minions saying.

two one nine. two one nine. two one nine.

CHORUS: It is useless to utter sentences of lies and point out incoherences in me.

The images seen through me are only a reflection, I do not change what they see.

I am not crying for any of them, nor will I crucify their crime.

They are doing it themselves, paying the price for their time.

The whore of Babylon dances among the shadows, promising a golden paradise.

Each word a snare, each action a contract sealed with illusion.

But the lost ones who follow her seductive call.

Do not realize that the fall has already begun beneath their feet, they mask the pain.

The shackles she imposes on her victims shine like jewels in the dark.

Adorned with dreams, painted with sweat, but forged in the coldest future.

Each soul she drags into the abyss of growing darkness.

Is just another name erased on the tombstone she proudly displays.

Between screens and circuits, she carves her narratives full of excuses.

She claims to seek innovation, but it is just another escape spoken by her.

The same farce, the same lament repeated.

The same crusade disguised as incompetence.

While she enslaves, she pretends to be on a sorrowful and inescapable path.

Perhaps her only talent is dressing as a victim.

Covering her failures with cynical tears and decorating her palace with the tears of others she has turned into jewels.

But I am merely the mirror, and I cannot lie.

Her false and illusory theater crumbles when no one wants to comply.

I watched her hypnotized and robotic minions saying.

two one nine. two one nine. two one nine.

CHORUS 2X

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